

CHERRY

**ROLLER
VIRGIN**

A ball on
wheels!

**POOLSIDE
PUSSY**

Good clean
wet fun!

**PAGES FULL OF
HOT YOUNG SWEETS**



EDITORIAL

There's always been a certain mystique surrounding virginity, a supernatural essence that characterizes the virgins, myths, and pieces of man, whether the society be primitive, medieval, or highly advanced. The Virgin Mary retained the status by her name. Conception while early pagan era, Europeans considered virgins to be the only women worthy of, and acceptable to the gods. Vestal Virgins were believed to have magical powers, and for centuries were regarded virgins as virtually a prerequisite in choosing a mate. There is no doubt that virgins have made a deep and lasting contribution in evolution and history. The virgins contained in these pages are, like the ancient counterparts, bewitching, and as you look upon the purity and innocence reflected in their eyes, it will become clear why the usage of the name dominates art, science, and philosophy. Perhaps there is a little bit of magic, and just a hint of the divine, in virginity after all.

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ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS OF AGE
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ROLLER VIRGIN

Give an exhibition a pair of roller skates and you end up with a skater on wheels. "I see myself as a contemporary Lady Godiva," says little Lucy. "Of course, horses are a bit cumbersome at this day and age, so to keep up with the times I do my bare back (and



don't) act on skates. It's more extreme, real bodice-rippers don't cut you out of house and home."

Although Lucy has always had a casual attitude toward nudity, she's only recently been putting her assets on public display.

"My parents were both practicing nudists, and when I was young, the whole family would go to the nudist colony as five beach bachelorettes has never been a big deal to me. In that kind of environment, it's all so normal, how could anyone feel self-conscious?"



Modesty is a learned habit, one which I've never acquired.

"Anyway, as a child, I was an ugly duckling: a real fat kid. I was pudgy and plain, and flat as an iron. The boys used to make fun of me. They always went for the girls with tits like torpedoes. Now that I have filled out, those same guys are salivating for one crack at my ass, so that is my revenge. They can stare all they want, but the only thing they're gonna get out are their hearts. I guess I do it for the attention, probably because of those teenage years, when I wasn't very attractive, but now it's



strutty as my terms."

Laugh regularly. Loves fishing, wooded factories and warehouses.

"These poor men are in there three-day after day doing monotonous jobs, so every once in a while, they need something to lighten up the day. Nothing breaks up the routine like the sight of a naked lady burning by. I'm sure they go back to their jobs feeling refreshed, alert, and productive, so I'm doing my part to spite the economy."

"Another reason I do it is just to watch people's reaction. The look on a man's face when he sees his and me flash by his window is priceless. I sometimes say, 'Smile, you're on *One and Camera*,' which really breaks them. But I'm careful about where I flash, after all, I wouldn't want to cause a traffic accident."



While she loves to show off her body, Lucy is still a virgin.

"I never think the man I flash," she says, "because I rarely stay in the same place long enough. My philosophy of life is to keep moving. I think I have a little more on my mind, though you'd never know it with my blonde hair. I'm a natural wanderer. I love easy and have a restless nature. If I'm in one spot too long, I get itchy. I'm always curious about what's out around the next bend. Someday I'll do some real travelling: life in Europe or The Orient, but for now I'm content to lay around the city, and I won't let my grass grow under my feet. The



way I figure it, I'll settle down to have a wife and mother sooner or later, so there'll be plenty of time for flashing and making them. Right now, I won't let myself get on a rat."

To Lucy, relief skating is more than just a bid. It's the reflection of her growing awareness of the importance of physical fitness.

"Now that I've finally got a good body, I want to keep it," Lucy says proudly. "I watch my diet, take vitamins

most every day, and exercise regularly so skating is a good way to keep thin. I've never been much of an athlete,



but I'm a real athlete supporter. If I get good enough, I may try out for the Olympic roller skating team. If I could flash the judges like I flash guys on the street, I'd get a gold medal for size."

Does Lucy ever worry that her unusual reputation will get her in trouble?

"No, neither the cops nor any of the guys I flash have ever come close to catching me. Better skates are made for quick getaways. Besides, there is an advantage to being on a leg day in that strangers won't recognize you. Many



people into cities because they're so anonymous, but I am a certain casual in anonymity. I can do whatever I want without worrying that someone's watching me. The Mayor to my pet dog will know about it in a small town, there is no way I could escape myself that way without creating a scandal, but in the city, I can let my hair and my pants down."

What's in store for our modest sister?

"Who knows? I never plan very far in advance. But I suspect I'll get into some professions where I can live out my sophisticated fantasies for money, like tap dancing, nude modeling, or stripping. I had a friend



who worked as a stripper in New York, she made five hundred dollars a week, just for supplying her own bare ass. That's my kind of job.

"Eventually, I'll meet a man who really excites my ego. Even though I am still cherry, I've been reading every sex manual I can get my hands on, from Dr. Masters to Masters and Johnson, from 'The Joy of Sex' to 'How to Get Laid Without Getting scored the Best.' I plan to write a book myself! 'The Stripped Skater, or Coming while Going'."

"Meanwhile, I'll go on being the Scorp on Skates for as long as the mood strikes me—or until I get caught. So if ever you look out your window to see a bizarre beauty wheel by, don't worry, it's only me." ■





CHEERLEADER

Not me, friend. I don't ever want to grow up," says Annette, shaking her head firmly. "Once you're out of your teens, it's all over. Marriage and kids: what kind of life is that to look forward to?"

"Take a look at my life, for example. All right, so I've gotta get up

"A WHOLE STADIUM FULL OF PEOPLE GETTING OFF ON MY BODY...WHAT AN EGO TRIP!"

early in the morning for school. Everything isn't so perfect. But once I get there, I've got a whole class full of good-looking guys and beautiful girls to keep me company. What a woman gets older she won't have a group of men like that to choose from again, and usually if she has one or two girl friends she can consider herself lucky!"

"After school, I practice with the cheerleading squad. Now that's an ego trip and a half! A whole stadium full of people getting off looking at

"I FIND THE BEST LOOKING PICTURE OF THE BEST LOOKING TEEN IDOL AND I START PLAYING WITH MY PUSSEY!"

my body." But once you catches up to you, and those tits start sagging and you have varicose veins in your legs, nobody's gonna whistle at you. Not only that, but you're out there on the field, with the biggest best looking guy in the world. Once you're past your teens, the closest most women get to you like that is watching them on a TV screen.



CHERRY



"Oh, so after practice I go home. Mom's got support till study for me & that way as hell doesn't happen when you're over the hill. Then I go up to my room and turn on the stereo, maybe take out a few magazines or two and flip through it. It's just thick full of gorgeous pop stars like Cat Stevens and Peter Dinklage. So I throw my self back on the bed, and take up my skirt. And the best looking picture of the best looking time when you start playing with my pussy. You can get away with that if you're an adolescent. But just imagine an older woman lying in bed getting off a big Grove's picture of Frank Sinatra or Sam Jones or one of those other old lopes. If anybody caught her they'd send her away to the asylum! Women don't do these things, only teenagers!"



"Then I'll call up one of my girl friends and talk on the phone for a couple of hours, just gabbing about the latest records or movies, or who is going steady with who this week. Do that when you're married? No way, not when you got a house to clean & a husband to feed, a screaming little kid to shut up! You're lucky if you have time to do it!"







"On top of everything else, I ain't the prettiest girl in school, but I generally have three or four boys call me up, every night in the week, wanting to take me out. Once you're the fairest a single phone call could lead you to the divorce court. Even if you are a single, a woman who gets three or four calls a night from men who want a date will soon be the scandal of the town. Good girls don't have so many boyfriends, not without earning a reputation as the town whore. But if a teenage girl doesn't get at least half a dozen calls a week, she figures it must be her turn to be the town whore."

"So now do you begin to understand why I intend to remain a virgin as long as I can? I guess, it's not just the danger of getting knocked up, I know enough about birth control to keep that from happening. It's everything, the whole idea. When you start getting laid, it's supposed to mean you're a grown-up woman. Who wants that kind of headache and responsibility? Not me, I'd rather kick back and masturbate over a magazine photo of



**"ONCE AGE CATCHES UP
WITH YOU, AND THOSE
TITS START SAGGING AND
YOU'VE GOT VARICOSE
VEINS IN YOUR LEGS,
WHO'S GONNA WHISTLE
AT YOU?"**



Sharon Cassidy (has even flesh about the borders that go with being a grown woman).

"Another example (my allowance is what to do with it) I guess. I want a coke. I go out and buy a coke, I don't have to sit there for two hours trying to work it into the family budget for the week. If I need a new dress for the prom, or just a new pair of jeans, I tell my mother, and we go out shopping. That's all there is to it. Mom, when you get on in years, you gotta nortup and save for years just to get yourself a god-damned toothbrush!"

"So that's it in a nutshell, pal. This little cheerleader has every intention of keeping her hymen a long, long time. I'm going to live as a teenager for as long as I can. With any luck, I'll be the world's only thirty-year-old teenager. Why do pussy girls try to act older really baffles me! To me the only bad thing about being a teenager is the fact that being an adult sucks!" ■



feel comfortable doing that if Dad were around.

"The other night I invited some friends over for a pool party. We had a barbecue, and later we all went down swimming. It was pretty innocent stuff really, and we broke it up early. The last thing I wanted were the guys coming around, or neighbors coming upstairs to my parents when they got back.

"People out here are pretty cool about things like that, anyway. When we lived back east it was different. I think the weather has a lot to do with it. Here, the summer all year long is everybody is together the whole time and it's a friendly atmosphere. In the east we'd get buried up to our eyes in snow for nine months so people tended to tolerate it when the spring thaw came, you had to get to know them all over again.

**"ONE DAY WHILE MOM
AND DAD WERE OUT,
SHE TRIED TO FRENCH
ME AND STICK HER
FINGERS UP MY PUSSY."**

"I've always had a hard time making friends. My folks are well to do, and I've always had a very sheltered life. I guess I have the reputation of being a spoiled brat, but I'm not really stuck up, just shy, particularly when it comes to guys.

"When I was young, my parents sent me to a private school, all girls, so I never really learned how to behave around men. A few years back, my father hired a governess to tutor me. She was fairly young and quite attractive, but one day while Mom and Dad were out she tried to French me and stick her fingers up my pussy. Can you believe it? It grossed me out and I told my father as soon as he got home. He told her so the next I haven't had much contact with guys, but women are definitely not my bag.

"The trouble with most of the ones I have met is that they're too vulgar and crude. They're all here of the 'big tits, woman fuck' school of education. What kind of lives are that for a lady?





"I'm a real romantic at heart. I still dream of Prince Charming, coming to sweep me away. Someone like Aragorn from 'Lord of the Rings'.

"I was born in the wrong era, that's my problem. I should've lived in the age of chivalry. I want to be treated like a real lady ... like Genevieve before I got myself to a man. I like



the idea of men worshipping women. I sometimes wonder what it would be like to have two men fighting over me so to have a brief fought fight a dragon on my behalf.

"A few years ago, my folks took me to one of the Middle-earth Fests & I couldn't believe my eyes! It was so bowdy! Some of those men were real tanks, too! Of course, Dad never let me out of his sight long enough for me to take advantage of any of them. I was once surprised when he let me play "Smaug-a-Winch." That's a game where the guys sit sitting on barrels of hay and you fire sponges at them with a crossbow. Anyone you feel you got to kiss and I'm not talking about a peck on the cheek. I went up to them my year and he Pinch-kissed me for three full minutes! I left a mark going up and down my spine like an elevator. If there was Dad wasn't standing there watching, I'd have ripped him on the spot. Next year I am planning to go to the Fest by myself! They also have a "Gandalf-a-Winch" game where the guys fire sponges at the ladies. I want to mark, in that South, so I can kiss the men all day long and let them do the paying!

"Sometimes I imagine myself in ancient times when people worshipped sun gods. I passionately do my way—and hold organs and healthy dancers and burned women here and sing around the maypole. They were quite free sexually in those days, but in a beautiful way not like now.

"I guess I spend more time day-dreaming than I should, but I hate the 20th Century. There's no romance in it. People have lost their imagination. I think dreamers are the most important people in society. Without them, what would we have? People also have no sense of adventure in this day and age. Whatever happened to the pioneer spirit that led guys like Columbus to discover a new world? Nowadays people don't like going as far as the ocean.

"Someday I may write all my day-dreams down. They'd probably make for an interesting book, but since sexuality and dreams are out of style it may not sell very well.

"When I find a man with imagination and a sense of adventure and who preferably looks like Anagnor, then I'll quit with my mindhead and get better."



Nude Interlude

The most of her fellow students staying after school is the equivalent of capital punishment, but as far as Cayle's concerned, it's a treat. She is a straight A student tops in her class, but two or three afternoons a week, Cayle stays after time to get extra help with her studies though she needs it like she needs a third leg. So what's the reason?

"Mr. Powell, my biology instructor," she says dreamily. "He's a living doll, and what girl doesn't like to play with dolls?" He has long red hair and a beard, and green eyes like a cat. All the girls talk about him here, but he seems to take a special interest in me. I guess because I'm such a good student. It's not sexual or anything like that. Mr. Powell wouldn't get involved with any of his students, even though he's the most eligible bachelor on campus. He's just too ethical to have anything but a student-teacher relationship. Actually, he's not much older than his pupils. When he finished graduate school last spring, he lived with the Nanga Indians a while. They taught him a lot.

"He's really into ecology, conservation, and preservation of wildlife. I'd make his life pretty odd if he'd give me half a chance, but he's too busy looking in the undisciplined areas and entirely dispassionate on ecological issues to think about getting laid. Still, we've had several late sessions after class, and he's taught me about the harmony that was never so much between man and his environment, and thanks to him, I'm going on to study forestry and agriculture."

Last week in class, we started studying human biology, which led into sex education. No matter how clinical he tried to make it sound...all that talk about penises and proctas made me hotter than a Saturday Night Fever, and I swear he was looking at me the whole time.









"In the long run, it's just as well I lost when Mr. Powell from afar. At this point, any sexual affair would only interfere with my school work, and right now, that's more important. That's why I'm still a virgin, even though I've had plenty of opportunity



to drink and some of the offers were mighty tempting. That's too much I want to do with my life to let myself get sidetracked by emotional complications."

So what does Gayle do to vent her frustrations after a day of learning for Mr. Powell?

"My favorite thing is to stop off in the woods on my way home school," Gayle explains. "It's so quiet, all you hear are birds and small animals. There's no one around, so I take off my clothes, and feel the sun warm my body. It's like Mr. Powell here about the synergy between man and nature, when I'm naked, I'm one with the Great Spirit. I let my mind roam free. I imagine me and Mr. Powell, alone in the wilderness, like Adam and Eve, in the Garden of Eden, so I bring myself halfway to heaven."



Sometimes even a wide interlude in the forest isn't enough to cool her coarseness.

"There are times I just can't concentrate on my homework. I'm so horny. My rule of thumb is if you want to be best in your class, you gotta make peace with your sex. I can't crack a problem when there's a problem in my cock, so I take care of that

thump first. Mathematics is a part of my regular study routine."

Circle considers herself fortunate to be part of this generation.

"It's an exciting time to be a woman," she proclaims. "Throughout history, women have had to struggle for jobs, education, even voting rights. My generation is the first to reap the benefits of that long, hard fight. I have the more options to choose from, in terms of careers, childbearing, and sexual freedom, than my mother or grandmother ever had. In some ways

**"ALL THAT TALK ABOUT
PUSSIES AND PRICKS
MADE ME HOTTER THAN
SATURDAY NIGHT
FEVER."**

she thought is frightening. It means I have to take responsibility for my own decisions. I can't blame 'the system' for my failures, but she is only an incentive to thank for me. It's a real challenge to be liberated and independent, but my potential's only as limited as my imagination.

"Even though I haven't really explored the range of my sexual feelings yet, I'm grateful for the progress that's been made. Time was, men didn't even believe we had orgasms! Now they're figuring what it takes to please their ladies in the sack, and by the time I'm ready to give up my virginity, hopefully they'll all be experts on the subject!

"My big wish is that I could meet more men of Mr. Powell's caliber. It's almost a shame for a girl to have a crush on her teacher, but Mr. Powell has broadened my education in more than just biology. Thanks to him, I've learned my own mind, what questions I want to ask, and

"He's one teacher I'll never forget."





Inside Jaime's Drawers



There are a million and ten things that Jamie would rather do than clean up her room. Only when there's no way around, over, or through the mountain of dirty clothes—ratty sweaters and issues of *Saturday Magazine*, and assorted horrors—without making life and limb with the sweep up the debris and shovel it into her chest of drawers.

While we admire both Jamie's chest and her drawers, her chest of drawers is another matter entirely. Once in a blue moon when Jamie feels underused (the last time was in 1973), she'll tackle the colossal task of sorting and sorting through the odds and ends she has accumulated. We were there on one such occasion.

"Out-fucking-ragons!" she laughs

wagging into a pair of black cotton pajamas. "They said for I haven't worn these since the night of my Grand Froam. I was supposed to go with Bill Bentley. What a fuck and a half! Every time her name was mentioned, my cousin would! I bought these pants just to look long as after the party. I was going to let him sleep my cherry tree with that big ass of his





"Anyway, Bill managed to get his self expelled a week before the dance. I ended up going with Woodrow White, the school toad. Woodrow was the epitome of an asshole. He had a face like a chipmunk and glasses with lens so thick that bright sunlight would fry his eyeballs. His mind was a barrenness pit. He had an asshole drive to home. Unfortunately, all he wanted to learn about was female anatomy—man! He was like a squid, groping, grabbing, and poking, the entire evening.

"FOR A VIRGIN, I'VE HAD A PRETTY EXCITING SEX LIFE!"

"When it ended, couples tradition-ally went parking on Mount-Dix Mountain (it was so conservative that the initials spelled out MDDX). Woodrow had all the sex appeal of a squeaked fry, but what the hell, it was Fresh Night.

"Then he got the idea that he was a blind man and I was a Route book. Soon he was fondling this, squeezing that, plugging up one hole, spreading another, inserting my nipples like knobs on a TV set, and generally poking, straining, feeling, pushing, and poking whatever happened to be in front of his fingers. It was like he'd never seen a girl at such close range and couldn't decide what to play with first. Woodrow wanted to screw me in the worst way, it was the only way he knew! Anyway, I wouldn't let him. When it hit my dignity, it was't be to a man like Woodrow White!"

As Jane dips very slowly in her dream, she thinks she comes up with art more and more himself: a 1934 calendar ("It was a good year"), two autographed men ("My old dad six years ago, but I've been using them as ones I got another one,"), an empty tube of toothpaste ("There's a good reason if only I could remember it"), and a lingerie catalogue circa 1968.

"I've always had a fetish for lin-ary," Peter explains. "I love the feel of soft things against my body. I know other girls prefer hard things, but I'm a sucker for perfumes, bras, sexy corsets, and naughty nighties. If you ask me, corsetless panties are more than panty-less panties. All my crimi-nal fans are still based on these dreamy moments too. You know I've always wondered why they're called braless bras. What kind of teasing does a girl need to grow that?"

While we pondered that, Jane went fishing again. This time, she pulled out a memo from Gwyneth to Cream Parker.

"HE ASKED ME OUT FOR A SUNDAY, AND SAID HE'D PROVIDE THE CREAM IF I'D SUPPLY THE CHERRY. HE CHANGED HIS TUNE WHEN I SAID I WANTED A BANANA SPLIT, TOPPED WITH CRUSHED NUTS!"

"It's a souvenir from my first date," Jane says. "He asked me out for a sundae, and said he'd provide the cream if I'd supply the cherry. But he changed his tune when I said I wanted a banana split with crushed nuts!"

Back to tomorrow, Jane applied uncontrollably as she held up a pink socked. We were about to exit, but she told us anyway.







"This came from Fido. We've been best friends since first grade, and haven't let over a year. We're both virgins and sometimes we get so horny you could toast bread in our bosoms. One time Fido was really clanking the walk. She was a beast in need so I offered to lend a helping tongue. I went down on her for hours without even coming up for air. Later she passed this marbled pussy-pink, and presented it to me as a trophy. The Pink Smoker Award for Outstanding Achievement in Muff-Dogging. I was her regular Girl Throatist from then on!"

Home sweet, suddenly sleepy.

"Be sure you've been taking stuff out of those drawers for hours and I still haven't thrown away a single thing!" Okay you have two sentimental relics. For a virgin, I've had a pretty exciting sex life.

And I made out a lot more exciting too. ■









